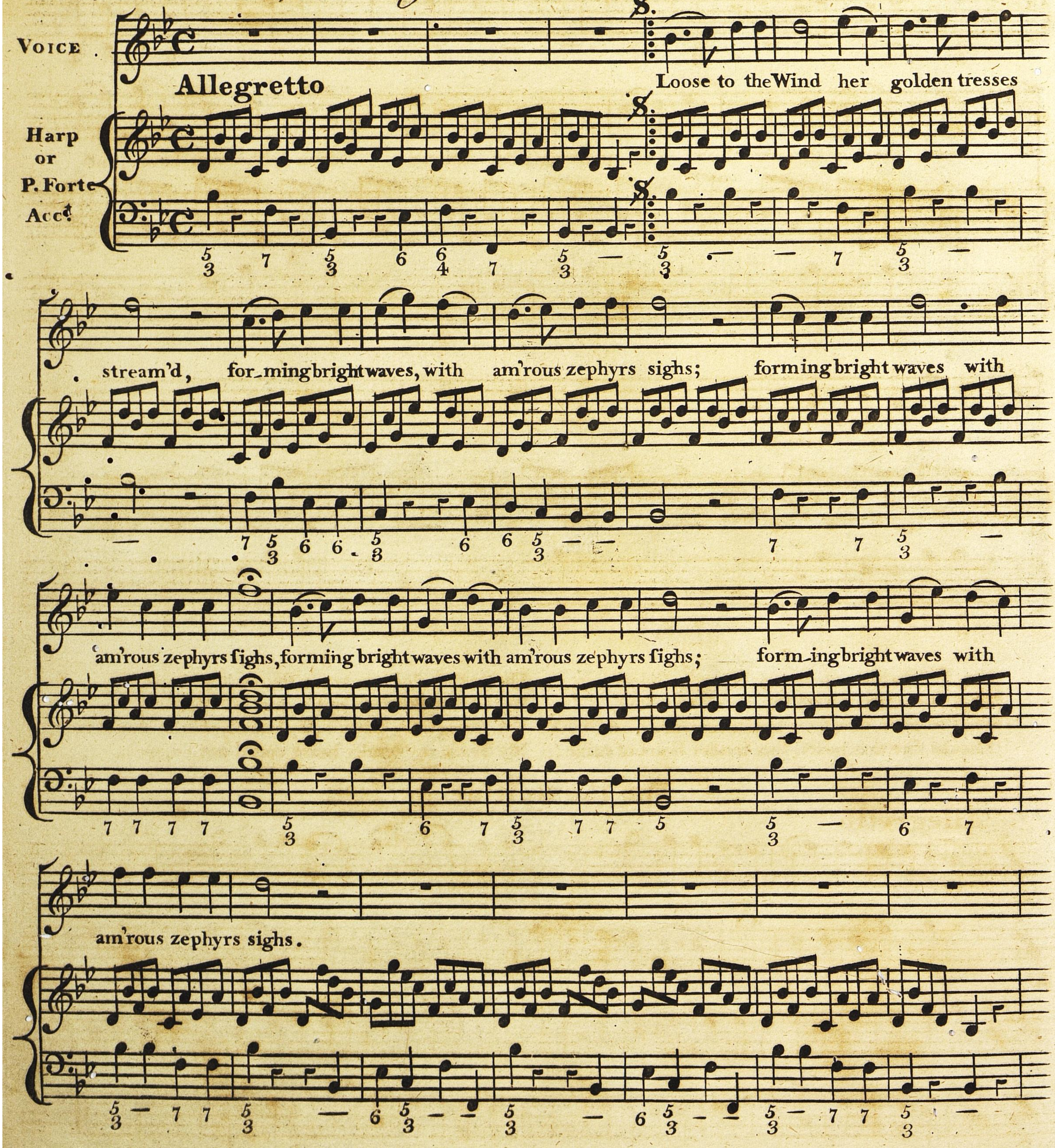
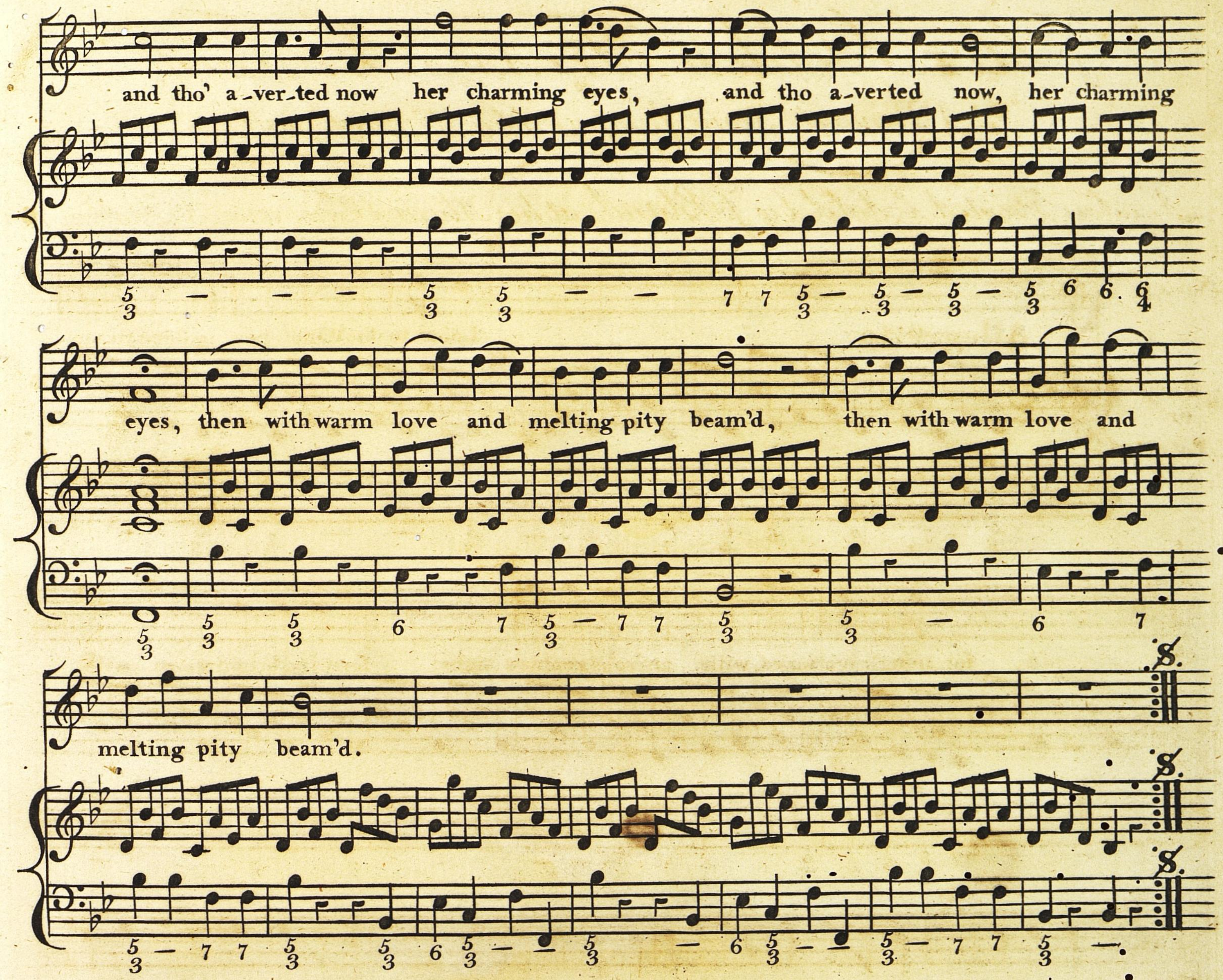
Loose to the Wind Her Golden Tresses Stream'd.

A Favorite Song, Composed by, F. Southwell. Pr: 6.d

London, Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse, 45, Holborn.



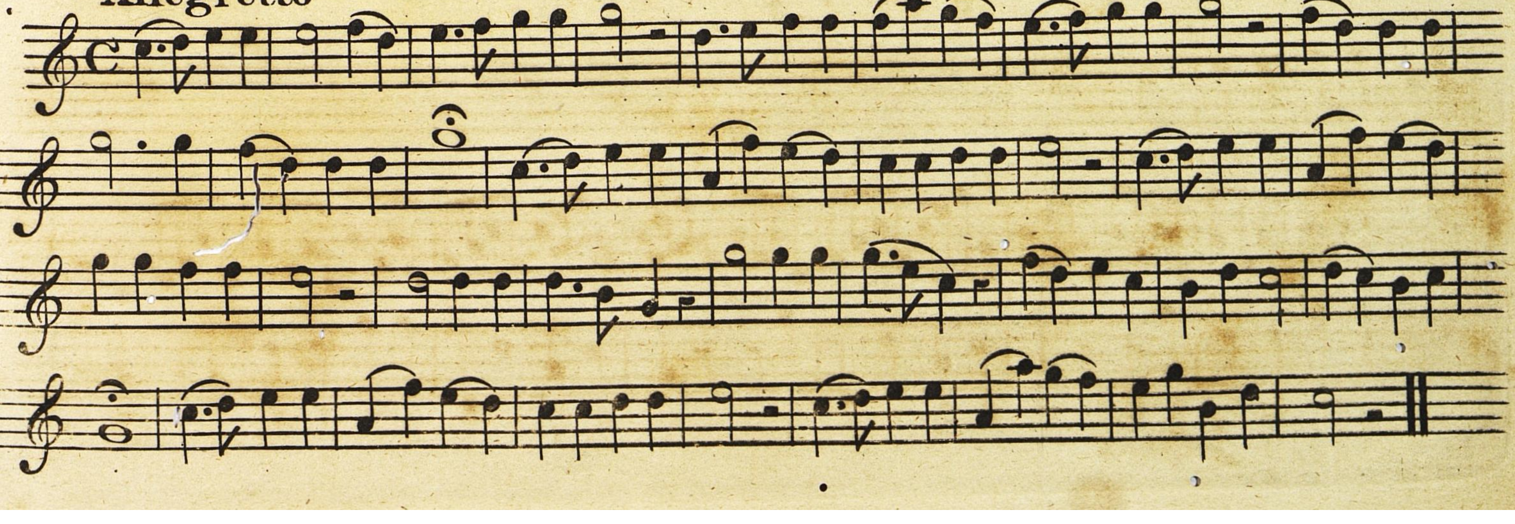


2

Was I deceiv'd. ah surely Nymph divine
That fine effusion on thy cheek was love
What wonder then those beauteous tints should move
Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine.

3

Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
Were of a Goddefs not a mortal Maid;
Yet though thy charms, thy heavnly charms should fade,
My heart my tender heart could not escape.

For the Guittar

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